

A
P O E M,

Humbly Inscrib'd

TO THE

LORDS COMMISSIONERS

FOR THE

UNION

OF THE

Two Kingdoms.

L O N D O N :

Printed ; and are to be Sold by *J. Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1707.

MEMORANDUM

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

FROM THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

SUBJECT: [Illegible]

DATE: [Illegible]

1. [Illegible]

2. [Illegible]

3. [Illegible]

4. [Illegible]

5. [Illegible]

6. [Illegible]

7. [Illegible]

8. [Illegible]

9. [Illegible]

10. [Illegible]

11. [Illegible]

12. [Illegible]

13. [Illegible]

14. [Illegible]

15. [Illegible]

16. [Illegible]

17. [Illegible]

18. [Illegible]

19. [Illegible]

20. [Illegible]

21. [Illegible]

22. [Illegible]

23. [Illegible]

24. [Illegible]

25. [Illegible]

26. [Illegible]

27. [Illegible]

28. [Illegible]

29. [Illegible]

30. [Illegible]

31. [Illegible]

32. [Illegible]

33. [Illegible]

34. [Illegible]

35. [Illegible]

36. [Illegible]

37. [Illegible]

38. [Illegible]

39. [Illegible]

40. [Illegible]

41. [Illegible]

42. [Illegible]

43. [Illegible]

44. [Illegible]

45. [Illegible]

46. [Illegible]

47. [Illegible]

48. [Illegible]

49. [Illegible]

50. [Illegible]

51. [Illegible]

52. [Illegible]

53. [Illegible]

54. [Illegible]

55. [Illegible]

56. [Illegible]

57. [Illegible]

58. [Illegible]

59. [Illegible]

60. [Illegible]

61. [Illegible]

62. [Illegible]

63. [Illegible]

64. [Illegible]

65. [Illegible]

66. [Illegible]

67. [Illegible]

68. [Illegible]

69. [Illegible]

70. [Illegible]

71. [Illegible]

72. [Illegible]

73. [Illegible]

74. [Illegible]

75. [Illegible]

76. [Illegible]

77. [Illegible]

78. [Illegible]

79. [Illegible]

80. [Illegible]

81. [Illegible]

82. [Illegible]

83. [Illegible]

84. [Illegible]

85. [Illegible]

86. [Illegible]

87. [Illegible]

88. [Illegible]

89. [Illegible]

90. [Illegible]

91. [Illegible]

92. [Illegible]

93. [Illegible]

94. [Illegible]

95. [Illegible]

96. [Illegible]

97. [Illegible]

98. [Illegible]

99. [Illegible]

100. [Illegible]

TO THE
QUEEN'S
Most Excellent Majesty,
AND TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
LORDS COMMISSIONERS
For the UNION of Both
KINGDOMS:

These few LINES are most humbly Dedicated,

By Her MAJESTY's

Most Dutiful and Loyal Subject,

And Your HONOUR's

Most Humble and most Obedient Servant,

John Fowler.

Dux Femina Facti.

TO THE
QUEEN
Most Excellent Majesty,
AND TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
LORDS COMMISSIONERS
For the UNION of Both
KINGDOMS:

These few Lines are most humbly Dedicated,

By Her Majesty's

Most Dutiful and Loyal Subject,

And Your Honour's

Most Humble and most Obedient Servant,

John Forster.

Dux Feminae Regis.

A
P O E M
UPON THE
U N I O N.

HAil, fragrant *MAY*, thou glory of the *Spring*,
To thee, the Shepherds all their Tributes bring.
To celebrate thy Birth the Nymphs employ
Their chearful hours, to show their grateful Joy.
Each Grove is travers'd by the rustick Swains,
To find the fairest Elm to grace the Plains ;
Whilst rural Maids the Garlands weave with skill,
Mixing the Violet, and the Daffidill ;
And emulating strive, by Nature taught,
To crown the Tree their faithful Lovers brought.
The constant Turtles wake to Coo and play,
The loving Emblems of this happy *DAY* :
Whilst smaller Birds their tuneful Carrols join,
And ancient Bards have made thee *MONTH* divine.
Yet faint thy Glories shone, and pale thy Fires,
In the past Reigns of thy departed Sires.

Not half so sweet thy Flowers, nor fresh thy Green,
 Dame Nature's now in all her Beauty seen,
 T' adorn the Triumphs of a glorious QUEEN.
 A QUEEN! on whose pious Life the Heavens smile,
 And gave Her for a Blessing to this ISLE.

This ISLE made strong by her uniting Care,
 Defies Oppression, and the Tyrant's War.
 Already her victorious Arms alone,
 Have made the Monarch totter on his Throne,
 Were She Ambitious, now the World's her own.
 But by just Heaven inspir'd, her Banners wave,
 She Conquers to Relieve, and Strikes to Save.
 What Wonders for her Reign has Fate assign'd,
 Greater than HENRY who the ROSES join'd.
 First JAMES to Britain brought the Northren Crown,
 But could not Blend the Kingdoms into one.
 This Glorious Work, Great Queen, was left for You;
 You join the Hearts, as well as Nations too.
 What Scenes of coming Joy this UNION shows,
 Since You have fixt the Thistle to the Rose.

Rejoice ye Northren Albans, spread your Sails,
 You traffick now with happy Brittish Gales.
 Now uncontroul'd from East to West you roam,
 From ev'ry Port convey rich Lading home.
 Your gracious Queen with true maternal Care,
 Lets all her Subjects, all her Blessings share.
 Unlike those Princes who their People drain,
 Invasive WAR unjustly to maintain,
 And lawless Pleasures of Despotick Reign.

Reverse to such does pious *ANNA* stand;
 She strives t' enrich, not to destroy her Land.
 Her own Revenues freely she bestows,
 To Guard her Nations from oppressing Foes.
 She truly will be stil'd *Mankind's Delight*,
 Her Goodness may *Antipathies* unite.

These *Hundred Years* each pregnant States-man's Brain
 Projected this, but saw their Project vain.
 By *ANNA* inspir'd, the wise *Godolphin* found
 The lucky Crisis, which our Wishes crown'd,
 And all beyond the *Tweed* made *British* Ground. }
 A Monarch's Soul is by his Council shown,
 There's the Support, or Ruin, of a Throne,
 But here, her Choice does to the World proclaim,
 A Day without a Cloud, a Sun without a Stain;
 Abroad such Valour, and at Home such Guides,
 What Guardians Heaven for *Britain's* Isle provides!

Malbro's Name, *Talbor's* of Old, exceeds,
 And in the *Gaul* a greater Terror breeds;
 The Ages Bulwark, and the Nation's pride,
 The Great Defender of the Juster side.
 Each glorious Battle by the Hero won,
 Seems to surpass whatever Man has done;
 We praise, we wonder at his vast Success,
 Till his next Conquest makes the first seem less.

Numerous Heroes eternize their Fames,
 For endless Annals shall record their Names.
 Fair in the List, Great *Queensborough* appears,
 Whose Care perfected Hopes of many Years;

B

He

He rightly thought, and all the Danger stood,
 Because convinc'd 'twas for his Country's good;
 Nor fear'd the giddy Rabble's clam'rous noise,
 Who exalts one Hour, and the next destroys.
 The Act was great, great as his god-like Mind,
 By Heaven inspir'd the jarring Seeds he join'd,
 Which will produce a Fruit to bless Mankind.
 In this true *PATRIOT* all the Virtues shine,
 That wait to grace a long Illustrious Line.

ARGILE in Councils, and in Camps renown'd,
 So young a Hero is but rarely found:
 He, full of fire, maintain'd the noble Cause,
 And chang'd their insolent Murmurs to applause.
 Thus daring Courage checks the rudest Force,
 And bars the head-strong Vulgars rapid Course;
 Like Floods repell'd, back to their Channels go,
 And all is calm, and all Obedience know.

SEAFIELD in whom is lodg'd the highest Trust;
Seafield the Great, the Generous, and the Just;
 He weigh'd the Action for his Country's Peace,
 And knew by Union all their Feuds would cease.

MONTROSS, a faithful, glorious, loyal Name,
 That round the World has purchas'd deathless Fame.
 His Voice for Union, ancient Worth revives,
 And this *Montross* to Copy to other strives.

The noble *MAR*, of famous Northren Race,
 By All approv'd most worthy of his Place;
 Yet nothing greater in Record shall stand,
 Than here the fixing his assenting Hand. Wise

Wise *Loudoun*, *Tweedale*, and the brave *Lothian*,
 And all the high-born Nobles of that Train,
 Shall Live in lasting Characters inroll'd,
 Since their Consents restores the Age of Gold.

Convulsive Fears around the neighb'ring VWorld,
 Is at the spreading News of UNION hurl'd.
 No more shall bold aspiring Princes dare,
 To wage with Strong united *Britain* VVar }
 Let all who Aim at Universal Sway despair.
 UNION thou Heaven-born Tye for Man's support,
 Thy strength defies the Enemy's effort.
 A single Arrow easily is broke,
 And shiver'd into pieces with a stroke.
 But when with others you the Shaft shall bind,
 It grows too strong for any threatening VVind;
 So Bridegroom *Britain*, and his Northren Bride,
 Much firmer stand by being thus Ally'd.

The Instruments of this on either part,
 VVhat daring Hand can reach their high Desert?
 VVhat Muse can sing, what Power inspire the Lays,
 Transcendent Worth is difficult to praise.

Judicious *PEMBROKE* prov'd in State Affairs,
 Bends all his Studies to redress our Cares.

This VVork compleated to *Hibernia's* Land

He moves, to execute the Queen's Command:

Let all the *Nereids* round his Vessel wait,

Aeolus prepare to waft this noble Freight;

Let gentle Gales within his Canvas play,

And *Neptune* guard him thro' thy dangerous Sea.

To

To crown the Union *SOMERSET* appears,
 VVho Graces all the Honours which he wears :
 Long may he flourish for his Country's good,
 And raise succeeding Dukes of *Seymours* Blood.

All joy to see the *British* Hearts combine,
 And with their Hands th' auspicious Contract sign.
NEWCASTLE wealthy, Brave, and truly Great,
 Joins in this, t' advance our prosperous State.

The graceful *KINGSTON* by each Muse admir'd,
 Gladly assents to what the Realm requir'd :
 On *Kingston's* Brow let flowing Honours fall,
 Augmenting still the Old, for he deserves 'em all.

The learned *SOMMERS* Eloquent and Wise,
 The UNION view'd with penetrating Eyes,
 He forms great Models in his working Mind,
 Which when produc'd enriches all Mankind,
 On his approving Judgment we depend,
 He has been try'd, and found our *Britain's* Friend.

Within this List another Peer stands fair,
HARTINGTON, the Illustrious *Devon's* Heir,
 With Virtues deckt, augments the shining Throng,
 And proves the Noble Race from whence he sprung.

How many Worthies wait on *Britain's* Throne,
 And what surprizing Wonders have they done ?
 From Pole to Pole, this mighty VVork will sound,
 And *Albion's* Fame shall never know a Bound.

Here

Here *BOYLE* adorns the Muse's joyful Song,
 Call'd to the Helm, and gave Assistance young;
 To breach of Trust his Soul was ne're betray'd;
 We cou'd not doubt his hand to *Britain's* Aid;
 If we the Virtues of his Lineage trace,
 Bright Honour shines in all his famous Race.
 His Judgment sound, his Actions all sublime,
 VVhat greater Pattern ever sprung from Time.

Our faithful *SENATE* free from hot Debate,
 Bend their united Care to serve the State;
 They only strive to advance the publick Weal,
 And give with pleasure what they Vote with Zeal.
 Their Loyal *SPEAKER* is of all belov'd,
 His innate Worth the Glorious *WILLIAM* prov'd.
 He view'd his Soul, saw his capacious Mind,
 Where Wisdom, Eloquence and Truth are join'd,
 Th' unerring *QUEEN* confirm'd what he design'd.

Hail! mighty *EMPERESS* of the *British* Land,
 Your Conquering Arms, the Fate of Kings command.
 To *Ballance Power* depends on you alone,
 When e're you please you can bestow a Throne;
 Your very *NAME* whole Armies can subdue,
 And even *Infidels* keep Faith with you:
 Not *Mahomet* so much the *Turk* reveres,
 As he your fam'd victorious Ensigns fears.
 The Sultan sacred holds the *Carl'wits* Tyes,
 And all Persuasion of the *GAUL* defies.
 So much is he by your Success alarm'd,
 And by the Fate of neighb'ring Princes warn'd,
 That he resolves not once to interfere,
 Whilst *ANNA* props the great Confed'rate VVar;

Left you against him shou'd your Force exert,
 And his dear *Alch'ran* to your Faith convert :
 Destroy his Mosques, and silver Moon transport,
 To join the *Gallick* Sun, her dear Consort,
 Those lasting Trophies of Eternal Fame,
 For which the Age to come shall bless your Name.

Hail, *Royal DAME*, admir'd, belov'd, ador'd,
 Blest in your People, and your Princely Lord,
 Succeeding *ANNALS* shall your Lives report,
 Your mutual Loves, and Virtues of your Court.
 VVhat constant *MATE* like him was ever true ?
 What Age will ever boast another *YOU* ?
 From you shall unborn Kings their Copies draw,
 And by your Morals keep the World in awe.
 Of Old, *Egyptian* Monarchs strove in vain,
 By stately *Piramids* to fix their Fame,
 Their Story's lost, and only Piles remain. }
 But Time your wond'rous Deeds shall ne're efface,
 Thou matchless Princess of the *Stuart's* Race ;
 Full Plenty's by the *Nile's* over-flowing Bred,
 All find the Good he leaves, but None his Head.
 Here we the Blessing, and the Fountain know,
 From You alone our healing Comforts flow.
 Long may you live, and *BRITAIN's* Scepter wield,
 The Arbitress of *FATE*, and Victor of the *FIELD*.

F I N I S.